



BASE BALL

American League Notes.
It is reported that Pitcher Chesbro is demanding an \$8,000 salary for next season.

Short Stop Fred Parent last week signed a two years' contract with the Boston Club.

Cleveland critics are pressing the Cleveland Club to secure Jesse Burkett from St. Louis.

Arthur McGovern, the young catcher, drafted from Lowell, has come to terms with the Boston Club.

Manager McAleer and Bobby Wallace of the Browns have gone to Arkansas on a hunting expedition.

Manager Collins has arranged games for the champions with Charley Frank's Pelicans at New Orleans April 6, 7, 8, 9.

Outfielder Ritty of the College Hills of Cincinnati may be given a chance to try for the outfield on the St. Louis American team.

Umpire Tom Connelly gives it as his opinion that the American League will rescind the foul-strike rule next season with or without National League consent.

Charley Hickman has asked Manager Armour to play him at second base next season. Charley has fallen in love with the position and believes he can play it better than any other.

National League News.
Ames, the boy pitcher of the Giants, is a whole-hearted admirer of Manager McGraw.

It is settled that Klem and Bauswine will be members of Harry Pulliam's umpire corps next season.

That Tommy Corcoran is still the star short stop of the profession is the opinion of Miller Huggins.

Miller Huggins has signed a Cincinnati contract for 1905. But few of the old players still are outside the fold.

Umpire Bill Hart says that young infielder Al Bridwell, purchased by Cincinnati, is the best young player he has ever seen.

Central League Chatter.
Manager Jimmy Ryan's first engagement by Evansville was that of Pitcher Frank R. Fowler of Chicago.

There is a hitch in the organization of the proposed new Springfield (O.) Club and ten days more time has been granted.

Manager Grant of the South Bend team has signed "Billy" Price, a brother of the Wheeling captain-manager, to play in the outfield next season. Of last year's team pitchers Fernus, Schafer, Moffit and Smith, Catchers Andrews and Lieman, Second Baseman Grand, Third Baseman Sager and Outfielder Anderson will return. The other positions will be filled by new players. Groeschow, who was loaned to Terre Haute last season, will return to South Bend next year.

Iowa League Items.
President Frank C. Norton of the Iowa League was married at Burlington, Nov. 15, to Miss Lillian Miller.

Burlington will be in it again this coming season, such being the sentiment of a meeting held Nov. 12, when

the treasury, and that it would not be necessary to solicit subscriptions to cover the preliminary expenses for next season.

The ousted Rockford Club declined an invitation to enter the new I.L. League being formed by Mr. A. J. Hine of Clinton, Ia. The towns proposed by Mr. Hine to compose the league are Rockford, Kankakee, Muscatine, Moline, Clinton, Freeport, Galena, Maquoketa, Elgin, DeKalb and Aurora.

President Holland was advised on the 18th that the papers had been completed in the proposed suit for injunction by the Rockford Association to restrain the league from transferring the franchise from Rockford to Peoria, and that the suit would be filed within next ten days. The League has taken no action as yet.

Central League Chatter.

Iowa League Items.

Agreed on One Thing.

Cat Played With Fox.

Traffic in Chinese Girls.

Queen Helene Nurses Prince.

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NOT A BLEACHED BLONDE.
Straw Colored Hair Made It Hard for Good Typewriter to Get a Job.

A great majority of the girl stenographers, as well as the men, secure employment through some typewriter establishment. A number of funny incidents develop. A young woman of a perfect blonde type called at an office on Ninth street to secure a position. Her hair was straw colored. She was sent out to an address, but returned with the following complaint:

"Though I am an expert stenographer, as you know, I find it difficult on account of my straw colored hair, to get work. Men think that my hair is bleached and they hesitate to employ a bleached blonde, for they know well that she who would bleach her hair to so conspicuous a hue as mine would have a soul too frivolous for sober typewriting and shorthand.

"When I was out of work last year I had to apply to six offices before I could get a place. Three of the men to whom I applied didn't test my ability in any way. They said lamely that they were sorry, but they preferred an older, a more sedate person. Two men, after a brief talk, admitted that my work suited them, but had to admit also that their wives had peculiar views and would object to my presence in their husbands' offices.

"The man who engaged me was a bachelor. He, too, was about to repulse me, but I broke out desperately with:

"Look here, I am not a bleached blonde. My hair is straw colored naturally. If you object to it, I'll wear a brown wig during office hours."

"The man laughed and took me on. He has told me since, though, that he would not have taken me but for my frank outburst. Now he tells me he has been compelled to dispense with my services because of the many jokes that his friends are poking at him."—Philadelphia Press.

Caverns a Holiday Resort.
One of the strangest of holiday resorts has been made accessible to the public at Padirac, in the department of Lot, France. There a wonderful series of caverns, containing magnificent stalactites and a subterranean lake and river, has yielded its secrets to the adventurous explorer. The dangers of the visit have now been ingeniously reduced, so that the average sightseer may traverse these caves with ease and safety. For ages the caves remained absolutely unexplored. One vast crater-like opening is 300 feet in circumference and when a recent investigator made his first visit to the depths he had to descend on a board attached to two ropes after the manner of a swing.

Virtue Unadorned.
Venus, one of the broken arms, and the discus thrower have been ignominiously banished from all buildings controlled by the school board of Gloucester, Mass. Poor Venus, she has been gazing unabashed upon the world these many centuries and the discus thrower has been making his cast with never a thought of sweaters, but Gloucester has cried, "To the basement with the barge and her trouserless fellow!" Naked Truth had better lie low in her well or the school board of Gloucester will send the husky packing with her classical companions.—Portland Oregonian.

Excitement in East Africa.
There is no lack of excitement along the line of the Uganda, East Africa, railway. At Nairobi, one of the principal stations, the postmaster found a lion on his front stoop one morning; several natives and more than one white officer along the road have been eaten by lions; on one occasion an engine could hardly make its way through miles of locusts on the track.

Queen Helene Nurses Prince.
The little prince of Piedmont, unlike his sisters, Princesses Yolanda and Mafalda, is being nursed by his mother. Queen Helene reluctantly gave the other children up to the nurse, but when the long-hoped-for heir to the throne arrived she absolutely refused to let any other than herself give him nourishment.

Sons Have Distinguished Names.
A Paris cabinetmaker has named his thirteen sons, respectively: William II., Victor Emmanuel III., Henry IV., Philip V., Charles VI., Edward VII., Charles VIII., Charles IX., Louis X., Louis XI., Louis XII., Alfonso XIII., and Louis XIV. He did this in order to be able to distinguish one from the other according to their ages.

Gift to Kansas City Library.
Col. D. B. Dyer of Augusta, Ga., has presented his collection of Indian relics, valued at \$200,000, to Kansas City, to be incorporated in the public library there. The collection is considered the most valuable in private ownership in the country.

An Impossible Combination.
"Why has Mr. Filkins disappeared from society?"
"Lost his money," answered Miss Cayenne. "It is impossible to be a lion in society and a lamb in Wall street both at once."

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HOW FAR BIRDS REASON.
John Burroughs Punctures Claims of Unthinking Persons.

The robin is a very adaptive bird; certainly it adjusts itself readily to new conditions, but it falls far short of the intelligence that is often ascribed to it, says John Burroughs in *Outing*. Thus there are persons who seem to believe that when mud is scarce the robin will bring water in his beak to the dust of the road and so make the mortar that it needs. This notion is, of course, absurd. How could the robin know that water and dust will make mud? This knowledge is the result of reflection and experiment, and is not within the reach of an animal. More than that, if the robin could find the water, he could certainly find the mud somewhere. I have seen robins' nests with little or no mud, and I have known them to use a substitute for mud furnished by the crows.

Another equally absurd claim for the robin comes from a correspondent. A robin had her nest in a tree under his chamber window in such a position that he could see all that happened in the nest. He says that when the young robins were nearly grown he saw the mother bird take them one by one, by the nape of the neck, and hold them out over the rim of the nest to teach them to use their wings! I suppose "our modern school of natural study" would accept this statement without question. It is such preposterous natural history as this that furnishes the stock in trade of this "school." Some persons deceive themselves in what they think they see, and not a few, I am convinced, are deliberate falsifiers.

Question of Detail.
Former Judge Mayer was relating how lawyers often badger witnesses unintentionally, and cited the case of a prizefighter who was on the stand to testify concerning a street fight in which he was a principal. The plaintiff's attorney politely asked the burly witness:

"Did I understand you to say that you were a pugilist?"
"Dat's what I am," proudly answered the prisoner.
"Oral, manual or calligraphic?" snavely inquired the lawyer.

The pugilist looked as if he had received a blow in the solar plexus, his face grew red as a danger signal and he seemed about to spring out of the chair upon his inquisitor. Then, turning to the bench, he growled:

"Say, judge, I'm a fighter, and dat's all, but I ain't one o' dem 'ings dat ple faced bloke calls me."

Judge Mayer said the attorney withdrew the obnoxious question, and the case proceeded without further misunderstanding on the part of the doughty defendant.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Invention Insures Dry Seats.
A new invention for insuring dry seats on electric cars in wet weather has been displayed in Edinburgh, Scotland. As explained by the inventor, the new arrangement is a simple one, and can be fitted to any style of garden, tramway or ship's deck seat. It is practically a wooden covering for the seat, can be lifted in wet weather, the ordinary movement of the back rest of the seat locking it in position. When raised, it forms a shelter for the back of the passenger. In dry weather the cover forms the ordinary seat.

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Chapel Built by Nature
Ex-President Cleveland, during his sojourn in New Hampshire the last summer, attended divine service in a chapel unique on an island in picturesque Lake Asquam.

Eighteen or twenty years ago Ernest Balch, who was then a student at Harvard college, conceived the idea of a summer athletic school for boys, and chose the island mentioned as the location. "Camp Chocorus" was there established, and had a very successful existence for a decade, being the pioneer of the large number of such schools now in existence.

There was provided a chapel, original in conception with Mr. Balch. Its walls were the envying trees of the forest. Its ceiling was the ever-changing sky. Rustic seats were built for choir and congregation. The most prominent feature was a massive stone altar, surmounted by a heavy stone cross.

This chapel was at the eastern end of the island, and there the members of the camp, numbering half a hundred, would gather regularly every Sunday, whenever the weather permitted, for divine services.

How the Pigeons Mate
On a south Jersey farm, which was the home of a thousand pigeons and which was conducted by a woman who had formerly been a bookkeeper in Philadelphia, was found one particular fly and coop which was the abiding place of young doves that had reached the mating season, says the *Era Magazine*. These young birds were associated together so that they might select their life companions.

The interior of the walls of the coop was filled with boxes and those pigeons which had mated would select one of these boxes for their home and nest.

This period of courtship is one filled with excitement for the birds. Two young pigeon cocks, having selected the same hen for a mate, have been known to fight to the death in their rivalry. The method of combat is peculiar. The beak and wings alone are used, the combatants catching each other with their beaks by the skin of the head and beating each other with their strong wings.

Having once chosen his mate, the dove, with an occasional exception,

Had Suitors in Plenty
There is a childlike simplicity about the peasant folk of Montenegro. A woman who has traveled among them says that both men and women, on her arrival, asked her, with perfect frankness, the most personal questions. When she explained that she had come by train and steamboat, the inference was that she had great wealth.

"And you have come so far to see us? Bravo! Are you married?"
"No," said the traveler.

There was great excitement and much whispering.

"Wait! wait!" cried a woman. Then, at the top of her voice, she shouted, "Milosh! Milosh!"

A tall, bronzed boy about 18 years old edged his way through the crowd. His mother stood on tiptoes and whispered in his ear. He looked coy and twiddled his fingers.

"Ask her! ask her!" cried men and women, encouragingly.

Milosh plucked up courage, thumped his chest and blurted out:

Cantor in Great Demand
Jews on the upper East Side have gone wild with enthusiasm over the voice of a Russian cantor who sang the services in the New York Star theater Saturday morning. The theater has been turned into a temporary temple. His name is A. L. Schlossberg, and those who have heard him declare he has the most remarkable voice a human being ever possessed.

The cantor could be a rabbi, it is said, if he wanted to; but, knowing the quality of his voice, he prefers to remain a singer. He has had dozens of offers to go into grand opera or to sing in concert. But the bent of his mind is religious, and he has no intention of changing his vocation.

The demand for him by the Jews of this country is so great that he finds it impossible to accept all calls. Saturday he was at the New Star theater; this week he goes up to Bronxville, and then comes down to a temple in

Butterfly a Rare Find
John Haviland, whose home is in Springfield, O., arrived in New York from Ecuador some days ago with a butterfly such as was never seen before here—one so beautiful and so rare that it is worth \$5,000. It has been sent to Lord Nathaniel Rothschild in London, who has for years collected remarkable fleas and strange butterflies.

Mr. Haviland was private secretary to Major John Harman, manager of the Guayaquil and Quito railroad, now being built between these two South American cities, thereby opening up the Andes.

During his spare moments Mr. Haviland amused himself by catching and mounting the many beautiful butterflies and dragon flies which flitted about the orchid-hung trees of his Ecuadorian home. One specimen was of such beauty that fearing his mount-

ing might be too crude for perfect preservation, he brought it to a professional in New York city to have the beautiful fly more carefully preserved.

Immediately the old collector went into ecstasies.

"You have," he said, "the only butterfly of this kind I have ever seen. I am the American agent for Lord Rothschild, who is collecting fleas and fleas, and has the rarest collection and the most valuable in the world. He has just paid \$250,000 for a pair of fleas. You must send this butterfly to England. If Lord Rothschild has some like it he will pay you good for it, and it shall be known as the Haviland fly."

The amateur butterfly catcher was more than surprised. He had not dreamed that his little insect was worth so much money. But he left it with the old collector, to be shipped to London.—New York Globe.

Wilt thou have me?
"No, thank you," said the traveler, laughing, and Milosh, much relieved, retired, amidst the jeers of his friends.

"Milosh, thou art not beautiful enough," said the men.

Then they suggested Gavro as being more likely to please. Gavro made his offer and was smilingly rejected.

The crowd was enjoying itself vastly, and took much pains to provide the lady with a really handsome suitor. She, on her part, looked about, and chanced to catch the eye of a goodly youth.

"No! no!" cried a woman seizing his arm. "He's mine! he's mine!"

"And he is good and beautiful," his friends hastened to add.

But he, in his turn, was rejected, and the enthusiastic crowd pushed forward another candidate. Five suitors in twenty minutes made, the traveler thought, a noble record.—Youth's Companion.

Broome street. Before he leaves this country he will sing in many temples in New York and throughout the country.

He has won a considerable fortune through his voice. He gets at least \$500 every time he sings the services. A moderate price of admission is charged, the seats at the New Star having ranged from 25 to 75 cents.

Mr. Schlossberg is 46 years old. He was born in a small town in Russia. It was not until several years after he became famous there that the Jews in America heard of him. Then he was induced to come to the United States, and arrived here in September, just in time for the great Jewish holidays.

In appearance the cantor is very striking. He has a big beard and piercing black eyes. His musical voice and easy manners make him an attractive person with whom to talk.—Book News.

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Then they suggested Gavro as being more likely to please. Gavro made his offer and was smilingly rejected.

The crowd was enjoying itself vastly, and took much pains to provide the lady with a really handsome suitor. She, on her part, looked about, and chanced to catch the eye of a goodly youth.

"No! no!" cried a woman seizing his arm. "He's mine! he's mine!"

"And he is good and beautiful," his friends hastened to add.

But he, in his turn, was rejected, and the enthusiastic crowd pushed forward another candidate. Five suitors in twenty minutes made, the traveler thought, a noble record.—Youth's Companion.

Broome street. Before he leaves this country he will sing in many temples in New York and throughout the country.

He has won a considerable fortune through his voice. He gets at least \$500 every time he sings the services. A moderate price of admission is charged, the seats at the New Star having ranged from 25 to 75 cents.

Mr. Schlossberg is 46 years old. He was born in a small town in Russia. It was not until several years after he became famous there that the Jews in America heard of him. Then he was induced to come to the United States, and arrived here in September, just in time for the great Jewish holidays.

In appearance the cantor is very striking. He has a big beard and piercing black eyes. His musical voice and easy manners make him an attractive person with whom to talk.—Book News.

ing might be too crude for perfect preservation, he brought it to a professional in New York city to have the beautiful fly more carefully preserved.

Immediately the old collector went into ecstasies.

"You have," he said, "the only butterfly of this kind I have ever seen. I am the American agent for Lord Rothschild, who is collecting fleas and fleas, and has the rarest collection and the most valuable in the world. He has just paid \$250,000 for a pair of fleas. You must send this butterfly to England. If Lord Rothschild has some like it he will pay you good for it, and it shall be known as the Haviland fly."

The amateur butterfly catcher was more than surprised. He had not dreamed that his little insect was worth so much money. But he left it with the old collector, to be shipped to London.—New York Globe.

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